

of the night had ceased and with an inward sense of comfort induced by the warmth of the room, I watched the heavy clouds sweeping across the sky. High overhead somewhere I heard a clock ticking solemnly.

Directly opposite to me was a memorial window; the bright beams of the rising sun piercing a dark cloud lit up the life-size figure of the Good shepherd clad in the simple dress of a Galilean peasant. His face was aglow with love, and so cunningly had the artist arranged the figure, and the color of the simple dress so true, that I almost started from my seat to kneel at the feet of the Shepherd to receive the blessing his outstretched hands invited. Clearly the legend stood out in letters of fire across the picture: "The Good Shepherd Gave His Life for the Sheep," and underneath were the words: "Sacred to the memory of Robert Banington, who labored here for thirty years a faithful shepherd. Entered into rest 1884."

Through the open windows came the drowsy murmur of a little brook that ran past the church—a sweet melody to ears long tortured by the city's din. Aching with fatigue I had great difficulty in keeping awake, and repeatedly caught myself nodding.

A few of the older worshippers were now assembling. With languid interest I watched these weather-beaten men of the field walking awkwardly up the aisle. At ease in their Sunday best, while their wives, with that complacency which the knowledge of good clothes and a tasty bonnet lends to feminine nature, glanced around them with assurance and composure.

There was a low gallery above me, used now as a choir loft. Here in colonial days sat the slaves. With what mingled feelings they must have looked down upon their masters bowed beneath them in reverent prayer!

High up in the stone tower the great bell began to swing—its mellow chimes ringing a welcome far across the fields. Behind me I could hear the rattling of the ropes as they slipped through the sexton's hands, and I pictured him heaving at the rope with all his strength as the ponderous bell swung backward with a clang.

Strange fancies flitted through my mind, distracted by recent trouble—a long-forgotten tradition of my boyhood of a wounded British soldier who had sought refuge in the church, and had been cared for by the daughter of the minister, a staunch Royalist, until, his hiding place having been discovered, in his desperate haste in climbing down a nearby well, his feet slipped on the wet stones, and he had fallen to the bottom and was drowned.

I must have fallen into a doze at this time, for when I glanced up the church was filled and the bell had ceased. I looked about me in amazement. The members of the congregation were on their feet, and although apparently singing heartily from their hymn-books, no sound of singing fell on my ears, and this so impressed me that it was several minutes before I noticed the quaint old-fashioned dress of the worshippers, for to look at them one would have thought himself back in Colonial days. In the pew before me stood an old gentleman dressed in a long coat of scarlet, richly embroidered with lace, the royal coat-of-arms conspicuous on the polished silver buttons, indicating the high rank that his stern and commanding appearance confirmed. A sword of unusual length hung at his side, and which, even in the house of prayer, he fingered nervously. Beside him stood an apple-cheeked, black-eyed girl of eighteen or so. She bore a striking resemblance to an old miniature of my maternal great-grandmother, which hung in the hall of my boyhood home. With a sudden hot feeling of jealousy—not to be accounted for—as until this moment I had never seen her, I saw that she was watching a tall young fellow in homespun across the aisle much more closely than her book.

At the close of the hymn, in the same strange silence, the congregation sat down, and were about to bow in prayer when a wizened little old man, dressed in black knickerbockers and a coat reaching nearly to his heels, stepped swiftly up the aisle, casting a searching glance at my neighbor as he passed by. Quickly mounting the pulpit stairs, he

while to come in frequently and walk through the various departments. Every time you come you'll see something new, for we add fresh arrivals every hour of the day. Everybody can purchase all their presents here, for we cover the whole Christmas field.

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Read Hailian Bros.' holiday specials in this issue of the CITIZEN.—Advt.

November 16, 1905.
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deceased.

Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

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